

Flashback

Arsonists

[talking]

Rock Steady was a B-boy crew, but to me it's all about hip hop,
So, rock steady is a hip hop crew now. Its about all four elements, And we
represent those lovely, sratch pickers, arsonists,

All the b-boys that are down with us, the b-girls, we have some dope

B-girls, and you know, we got graf artists like East and Zero T,

Its just straight up on skills, this is Crazy Legs from the Rock Steady
Crew, I'm outHip-Hop was breaking, spray paintin' full train cars

DJ's cutting emcess presents the ghetto stars

I was the skinny shorty wop, with the bop in my step

Shams the bear and teloids, playboys and I was set

Running through the streets of the boogie with a bang

Pops was kinda strict, so at times I couldn't hang

But whateva the case, I stuck close to my hip-hop

Somethin' in my soul just kept that, on lockAnd oppurtunity never knocked, but we was still open

Saying ish like fresh, like def (dope in)

And crack was on the corner rumblin' the dry goods

With something I decided never to persue in my hood

I was, too busy in the middle of the streets playing skelly

With Ray and Big Lou, listenin' to Flash and Melly

And rockin' block parties, seemed to be my route

But I had to give that up, they always ended in shoot outsHip-Hop was rhyming, hard timin', radio hits

No dats, so the D.J's was still in the mix

Graffiti and breaking took a back seat

'cause the A&R's couldn't figure how to make they ends meet

I was the high school rapper to the girls in the hall

While my nigga Clarence Greer was slammin' with a basketball

Tune my radio on a saturday night

Daydreamin' 'bout grippin' mikes and being in the spotlight

Fat rope chains in a pair of A.J's in the p.j's frontin' like I had status

(what) who's the baddest?

The brotha on swinten ave, though fresh out the lab

You just couldn't tell Q-Unique what he couldn't haveIt all started in Bushwick, defacin' the community

Around the way, all you saw was nothin' but graffiti

As a shorty I was poppin' never could I ever stand still

Always battlin' 'cause it was all about the skills

Never learned windmills, but my boogie took me places

When I started emceeing, I kept it fat like my laces

Wrestlin' was the bomb, kept me from doing my homework

Radio was my thing, when red alert went bezerk[Chorus] 4x's

Yes yes y'all, let me get some
'cause we, never forgot where we came from

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